

presiding judge expressed his clear conviction of the prisoner's innocence, the case was given to the jury. Without leaving the box they rendered a verdict of not guilty. All proceedings against Grace were of course relinquished, and Henry Blair was discharged. In the bustle attending the breaking up of the court, Hinman contrived to get by the side of Blair as he was leaving the bar. Putting his mouth close to his ear he whispered, "I have sworn falsely, but you are not the less a murderer." The acquitted prisoner started and recoiled as if from the hiss of a serpent.

Hinman left his renowned arrow to rankle in the heart of his victim and turned carelessly toward Grace, to whom he addressed a few low earnest words. She arose and went with him from the court room. One look of anguish she cast on Blair. He dared not approach, for he felt that notwithstanding his acquittal the curse of her father's blood was still upon him. Bewildered by the events of the trial, and terrified by the rude jesting of the crowd, Grace was conducted to a chaise, in to which Hinman followed her before she was fully conscious of his object. The poor girl looked about among the multitude in search of the man who had brought her from home, every face was strange and she drew back into the chaise resigned and hopeless. It was a relief to her when she saw that he intended to carry her home. Had he chosen any other direction she must have submitted, for she was helpless in his hands. They had travelled nearly an hour in silence when Hinman suddenly checked his horse, and taking her hands in his, said—

"Miss Suthgate, my sweet Grace, look upon me—I have performed your conditions—your cousin is free—when am I to claim my lovely reward?"

"Then it was all false, and you have forsworn," exclaimed the wretched girl, tearing her hands from his grasp and looking around the lonely spot as if for help.

Hinman forcibly retaken her hands. "Let us understand each other," he said sternly, "I will not be trifled with—did you not promise to give yourself in marriage to me, immediately after the liberation of Henry Blair, on condition that I would absent myself, or refuse to give evidence against him? I have not performed the condition to the letter?"

"Oh no, no—I never dreamed that you could swear falsely—I only asked absence, not perjury—not perjury."

"One question, Miss Suthgate, and I have done—are you prepared to fulfill your promise, to be mine three days from this—the certificate of the town clerk is in my pocket, do not shrink and shudder as if I were a reptile, but answer me."

"What can I say?—how can I act?" she exclaimed, wringing her hands and weeping bitterly, "will nothing soften you? I have money—alas, no, I have given that to you already—but oh, have pity on me—I am alone, parentless—why do you seek me?—my heart is withered—sorrow has blighted me—I can never love again. Take me home I entreat you—leave me to spend my humble and sorrowful life alone, till I can lie down by my father's grave and be at rest—do this and I will bless you, but oh do not drive me to the deadly sin of marrying you unfriended—of wedding one perjured before heaven."

Hinman gazed coldly on the beautiful creature as she uttered this rapid and passionate appeal. With strong determination he kept down the expression of mortified pride which sprang to his lips, when she said that she could not love him; but the blood, in spite of his efforts, rushed over his forehead at the close of his speech.

"It is well," he said, "I have your answer," and gathering up his reins he deliberately turned his horse's head and drove back toward Paris.

"Why do you turn back?" enquired Grace timidly.

"To unsay the oath you complain of—the murderer shall not escape me."

On vent the horse, his every foot fall came like a knell to the heart of the tortured girl. The village spires were becoming more distinct each moment; distant shouts and the hum of many voices were on the air. Slowly she reached out her hand and grasped the reins. "I promise," she said in a husky whisper.

Hinman turned his horse. Poor Grace Suthgate; she little knew that our laws permit of no second trial for the same offence, or that James Hinman would as soon have thrust his hand into a heated furnace, as to have acknowledged his recent perjury; but it mattered not—she was in the paw of the lion.

"Nancy, will you draw the curtain?—I would not look on my father's grave to-night," said Grace Suthgate sorrowfully, as the nimble fingers of her friend were busily twining a pink wreath among her black tresses, preparatory to the bridal.

Nancy stepped lightly across the parlor and drew the curtain, then returning, she said, "Come now, Grace, look in the glass and see if I have n't fixed your hair beautifully—I'm so glad you let me get that white frock, for James would have thought you did not care for him if you had n't fixed up a little."

"It is very pretty," said Grace, going to the glass and smiling a sad smile of patient endurance, "I could wear this or any thing, Nancy, to please you."

"That's my own sweet sister," exclaimed Nancy, kissing her gaily.

"Sister—oh yes, you have been more than that to me, Nancy."

"Not that, but my real sister," replied the happy girl, clasping her hand over the bride's neck and looking roguishly into her eyes.

Grace turned away to hide the anguish of her heart. Nancy thought her friend had a strange way of being happy, for she had no idea that any one could be otherwise on her wedding night.

"Grace never did laugh and talk like other folks," she said to herself as she stood by the glass, twining her own bright curls round her fingers and arranging them about her rosy face; but her thought soon took a new direction.

"Don't you think it odd that James didn't ask father and mother to the wedding? I'm sure I don't see what he has so private about it: I

don't suppose father would come for he's too sick; but I should have thought brother might have asked him."

"Nancy," said the bride with sudden animation, "does your father know of—of—what is to happen here to-night?"

"I'm sure I can't tell—James told me not to say a word about it, but I suppose they'll be as mad as fire at me if I don't—I'll tell you what it is, I've a good mind to run home now, and just give father a sly hint—but there comes James, and the minister up the road now; never mind, I can sly out of the back door," and without further deliberation Nancy threw a shawl over her head, and gathering up the skirt of her white dress started on her expedition.

Hinman and his companion must have loitered on the way, for it was full twenty minutes after Nancy's departure before they entered the house. Hinman left the divine in the kitchen, while he went to the parlor in search of his bride. She, poor thing, had been schooling her heart for his reception. Meekly and without any visible signs of repugnance, she allowed him to draw a seat to her side and to take her hand in his.

"I am happy to see you so composed," he said, passing his arm gently around her waist—"the clergyman is in the next room—may I call him in now?—but where is Nancy?"

"She has stepped out, but will return directly," answered the victim in a low, patient voice, though her heart was almost bursting with suppressed anguish.

"No matter—a few minutes can be of no consequence," replied Hinman, notwithstanding he was secretly annoyed at the delay.

Grace timidly withdrew her shrinking form from his arm and arose for her powers of self command were leaving her. Emboldened by the unresisting gentleness of her manner, Hinman also left his seat, and while still retaining her hand in his, he threw his arm again round her waist, and drawing her suddenly to his bosom, pressed a kiss on her lips. The poor bride struggled a moment, as if she had been gripped by the coil of a serpent; a shiver ran through her frame, and she lay fainting in his arms.

Hinman laid the insensible girl on the sofa, and went calmly into the kitchen for water. He had placed his arm under her head and was sprinkling her face, when the door suddenly opened and his father suddenly entered, followed by Nancy. It was no wonder that young Hinman dropped the pale head from his arm, and sprang to his feet in the astonishment of the moment; for never was human being so changed as was the man before him.

His tall, robust form had fallen away, till his clothes hung loosely on his limbs, as if they had been made for a much larger person. His hair, but a few months before scarcely tinged with silver, now hung in thick gray masses over his forehead—his eyes were sunken, and the skin lay in wrinkles on his lean cheeks, formerly so full and ruddy. His whole appearance was that of a man who had suffered imprisonment for a long season. Nancy Hinman stood behind him, with her hair blown about her face, and her white dress wet deep with dew.

"Leave the room," said the old man turning toward her. He waited till the door was closed, and then advanced sternly to his son, on whom he fixed his sunken eyes with deep and threatening meaning.

"Dad! you to think of marrying her?" he demanded, pointing to the insensible Grace. James was about to speak. The old man prevented him. "Don't open your lips, but leave the house."

Hinman drew himself up and haughtily returned his father's glance. "I am of age," he said, "and shall act my own pleasure."

The old man's face became bloodless—cast a rapid glance round the room, and then advancing close to his son, he laid his hand on his shoulder and whispered a few words in his ear. James Hinman sprang from under his father's hand as if it had contained an instrument of death. His face was colorless, and he stood cowering and trembling like a whipped hound under the old man's eye.

"Go," said the father sternly, pointing to the door, "go—I wouldn't have your blood on my head—go!"

Hinman walked to the door. He was about to open it when the old man turned and stretched his arms toward him. His thin lips trembled, and tears rolled over his wrinkled cheek.

"James," he said in a broken voice, "I will never see you again on this side the grave; take this, and if there's any good in you, repent of your sinful doings," and placing a shot bag half full of silver in his discarded son's hand, he turned away, covered his face and wept aloud.

When Grace opened her eyes James Hinman had gone, and his father was kneeling before the sofa on which she lay.

"Grace Suthgate," said the old man, "I have treated you most cruelly—I have been sick and didn't know of what was passing out of doors, or I'd never have let things go so far. It's a hard thing to turn again one's own flesh and blood—'tis like death for me to say it, but Grace Suthgate, it was my son, my only son, that killed your father. No wonder you start and stare so wildly—no wonder—who'd have thought it of him that he used to be so proud of, when he was a little fellow, following me to the meadow when I went out a mowing, and bringing my dinner and bitter bottle when I sat down to rest—who'd have thought that he'd shoot a man down before my eyes!"

Here the wretched old man buried his face in his hands and sobbed, till the room was filled with his voice of mourning. After a while he raised his face.

"I haven't slept a night since I knew it—you've been in trouble, but look here—'tis sorrow taken off your flesh like that." He held his hand before the light; the skin was shrivelled, and his long bony fingers seemed almost entirely fleshless.

"I never expected to come out again, and I shant myself up alone, that I need not see the boys as he passed in and out—but I shall feel easier now I've told you the truth. I believe I should have died if I'd kept pining over it alone—but now I feel better. But I'll tell you just all I know about the wicked deed, and then if you've a mind to complain again the boy I can't find fault—but

I'll kill me and the poor old woman, and little Nancy that thinks so well of him yet."

Grace strove to comfort the poor old farmer. She assured him, that she would take no measures against his son, and that the secret of his crime should never be divulged, except to Henry Blair. This promise tranquilized the old man, and before he left her she had gathered from him all that he knew of her father's death.

On the morning of the murder Nancy Hinman had called on some errand to her friend, and had entered the parlor in search of her just as Blair was assisting her to nail the honey-suckle to the window, where she accidentally heard the conversation in which it was settled, that Mr. Suthgate's consent for the union of the cousins should be asked, while the uncle and nephew were at their sport. With girlish love of fun Nancy stole out of the house unnoticed, resolving in her heart to torment Grace about her love scene the first time she could find alone. While going home she met her brother and in the careless gaiety of her heart related the conversation she had heard, and described the laughable predicament of poor Blair when the honey-suckle broke loose over him. Having shared her merry thoughts, she tripped home, ignorant of the train of evils she had lighted.

James was equipped for a day's shooting when he met his sister, and he proceeded alone to the hills. Solitude to him served only to engender evil thoughts. The indignity he had received from Blair rankled in his heart, and his sister's narrative served to mature an instinct wish to be revenged into a determined resolution. Though Hinman was a villain his predominant passion was vanity; he coveted money more because it enabled him to gratify his inordinate self love, than from any inherent passion for love in the abstract.

This leading feature in his character had been outraged by Blair, and deeply mortified by Miss Suthgate's refusal. He had loved Grace as far as he was capable of loving any thing, and the thoughts that she had rejected him for Blair, his enemy, aroused all the feelings of bitterness and malice that strongly characterized him. He resolved to see Grace once more, and if she still remained obstinate in her refusal to ———. He dared not think plainly to himself what he intended to do, but thoughts of murder lay deep in his heart. "She shall never be his," he muttered between his clenched teeth as he entered the house, where Grace was alone. In what state of mind he departed we have before related.

Old Hinman had on that afternoon been moving in Mr. Suthgate's meadow; the day was warm, and the old man laid down his scythe and went up the brow of the hill to drink of a spring whose waters he knew to be pure and limpid. As he was balancing himself on his hands and knees, with his lips to the water, he heard a crackling of the brushwood nearby, and on looking up saw his son James a few paces from him, and further on a man, whom he supposed from his cap to be young Blair, with his head turned as if looking at something in a distant tree. Just above him stood another man with a hat on, whom he took for Mr. Suthgate, but whose back was toward him. He saw him raise his gun as if to discharge it in the air. Turning to look on his son at the instant, he saw him raise his piece and take deliberate aim at the man on the rock. Before he could speak both guns mingled their sounds in a simultaneous discharge. The man on the rock gave a sudden spring and turned his face. The horror stricken parent heard his son exclaim, "By all the furies I have mistaken my man," and then saw him dash into the brushwood through which he took a circuitous route to where the body was lying. The appalled father heard young Blair utter a cry of terror as he rushed down the hill, and he knew that the poor youth supposed himself the accidental murderer. All this happened in a minute's time. The old man saw it all. Can it be wondered at, if he shrunk from exposing the crime of his first born? Is it strange that, thinking the violent death of his neighbor would be considered accidental, he shut himself up, and there pined with concealed sorrow, ignorant of all that passed between the fearful day of his son's guilt, and that scarcely less awful night, when the murderer sought to marry the orphan of his victim?

Gentle reader, suppose six years to have passed, and permit me to change the scene from the Androscoggin, to the drawing room of a wealthy and promising young lawyer in Boston. It was elegantly furnished—books and prints lay about, though centre-tables were not then in fashion—numerous paintings, which the connoisseurs pronounced as gems, lined the wall, and a rich Brussels carpet covered the floor. Before the fire, which burned cheerfully on the marble hearth, sat a lady habited in a black satin dress. She was reading in a large easy-chair, with one little foot resting on an ottoman, and other half buried in the nap of a superb rug. So elegantly rounded was her form, and so smooth was her cheek, that it would seem almost impossible that she could be mother to the beautiful children, who sat a little back playing on the carpet. One, a fine manly boy of four years, with dark curly hair, bright black eyes, a bold forehead and a most mischievous smile, contrasted beautifully with the little girl at his feet in a pink frock and white pantalets who raised her soft blue eyes and shook back her sunny hair with such a graceful motion, as the baby man strove to make her understand an assertion he had been making.

"Mamma, mamma, is not sister named after you?" cried the little fellow, running to the lady by the fire and leaning across her lap, while the little girl clambered up behind her seat, and putting her tiny hand on the comb which confined her mother's hair, bent her rosy face over and whispered coaxingly, "Mamma, may I?"

Before the mother could answer, the comb was brandished in the air, and down came a shower of glossy tresses over her wrought lace cape. "Oh Grace, you rogue," exclaimed the mother, reaching her hand back and patting the little girl's cheek; "Well master Henry what were you inquiring of me?"

"Only, mamma," the sentence was not finished, for that moment the door opened, and our old friend, Henry Blair, entered. The children ran forward to meet him, and his beautiful wife stood blushing and laughing at the figure she made, with the ottoman overturned on the rug and her hair hanging like a veil to her feet.

Blair seemed uncommonly serious. He took a seat, and lifting the little girl to his knee kissed her, and then turning to his wife, said, "Grace, you know I was called upon to advocate the cause of a man imprisoned on various charges of forgery; his trial is over."

"And what is the result?" inquired Grace, stopping on her way to the glass.

"He is convicted and sentenced on the different indictments, to twelve years in the State prison; but you know this person, Grace, his name is not French, but—"

"James Hinman!" exclaimed Grace, dropping the hair she had gathered up, and drawing close to her husband as if there was danger in the name.

"It is no other," replied Blair, "but he is so much altered in appearance you would hardly know him."

"I hope his father and dear Nancy will not hear of his arrest," said the wife seating herself and gazing thoughtfully on the fire; "bad as he was they loved him, and now the old man is growing more happy and Nancy is married, it would entirely unsettle them again."

"His change of name will prevent his trial getting abroad," replied Blair, but his wife did not hear him; her thoughts were with her father's grave on the banks of the Androscoggin.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, MAY 17, 1842.

Our Agricultural Friends are reminded that a meeting of the Oxford County Agricultural Society will be held at Lincoln Hall, in this Village, to-morrow at 10 o'clock A. M.

RHODE ISLAND.

The Constitutional Legislature adjourned on the 4th inst. to meet again on the first Monday of July. They did very little, except repealing the late laws of the Charter Legislature, which establishes a new code of crimes and punishments directed against the new government. They also authorized the Governor to appoint Commissioners, to represent their cause at Washington.

The Charter Legislature has also adjourned, and the Charter Governor, after being received with great honors at Providence, was escorted to his residence at Olneyville, by nearly 2000 persons. The Charter Legislature adjourned for only one week, to wait the result of their call upon the Federal authorities for additional assistance.

On the 4th inst. Mr. Brown, Dutee J. Pierce, members of the Constitutional assembly, and B. Anthony, Sheriff of Providence under the new Government, were arrested and bailed. On the 9th, B. Arnold, member from Providence, was arrested, and refusing to give bail, was committed to prison. On the same day, Mr. Sayles, Speaker of the new Assembly, was arrested at Woonsocket, but rescued by his friends—being the first actual collision between the two parties.

A warrant has been issued against Governor Dorr, but he with Dutee J. Pierce and B. Anthony, had left for Washington.

A large meeting of the Suffrage party was held at Providence on the 5th, at which resolutions were passed, declaratory of their determination to persevere in their cause.

No conciliatory proposition was made by the Charter Legislature, and the general temper of the Charter party seemed to be opposed to conciliation.

A meeting of the members from Providence of the Constitutional Assembly, was held on the 9th at which they resolved to refuse bail, in the event of arrest.

The Boston Post of the 10th, in speaking of affairs at Providence the day previous, says:—

"The excitement in Providence is becoming intense, and the people are with much difficulty prevented from offering forcible opposition to the Algerine act. Unless a compromise takes place within a very few days, a general rising of the people will inevitably take place."

The Providence Express, the organ of the Suffrage party, of the 10th, has the following paragraph:—

"The President of the United States.—Should this Republican functionary issue his Proclamation to overawe the people of Rhode Island, and its legal government under the People's Constitution, it will then be the duty of the State Committee, or of the Executive Committee of the R. I. SEPPAGE ASSOCIATION to call a MASS CONVENTION OF THE PEOPLE, to assemble at PROVIDENCE as soon as may be, to enter their SOLEMN PROTEST against such a proceeding on the part of the National Executive, and to take such other steps deemed necessary to 'self-preservation.'"

We have now to record what is still more lamentable than any possible amount of violence; we mean the interference of the President, in what is a merely political dispute, by the use of the armed force of the country.

Two companies of U. S. Artillery have been sent from New York, to Fort Walcott and Adams in Rhode Island, and two other companies have been ordered from Fort Monroe (Va.) to New York, to be within sustaining distance of the companies in Rhode Island. The presence of these troops, in connection with the avowed purpose of the President to employ them against the Suffrage party, has probably dampened the spirits of that party, as it has obviously elated and emboldened their enemies.

The interference of the President, was as badly advised, as it was tyrannical and unconstitutional, and will have a tendency to bring on instead of preventing violence and bloodshed.

MILITARY MOVEMENTS.

The following, we perceive, has been scattered in an extra Madisonian; and to-day we find it under the editorial head:

"RHODE ISLAND.—To correct the erroneous impressions which seem to prevail in relation to the movement of the U. S. troops, it is proper to state that two companies of artillery, consisting of 170 men, have been ordered from Fort Columbus, in New York harbor, to occupy Fort Wolcott, which had not been garrisoned, with a view to the protection of the public property there and at Fort Adams, near Newport; and to replace them, two companies of the same number have been ordered to Fort Columbus from Fort Monroe, (Old Point Comfort.)"

This, we presume, was called out by Mr. Allen's notice in the Senate, of this movement of the troops upon Rhode Island. It is too shallow, however, to deceive anybody. The President promised our Carlisle to send them succor, in the event of persistence on the part of the people in establishing their popular constitution of government, in lieu of the royal charter, under which the privileged party have hitherto held sway. Exactly in time to anticipate the meeting of the Legislature just elected by the people under the new constitution, a body of troops is sent from New York to Rhode Island; and the place of their station is immediately supplied by another corps from Old Point Comfort, in Virginia. The latter are brought in supporting distance, so that, in case the first body of troops sent on should not prove a sufficient force for the Federalists to rally upon, the Old Point Comfort regulars might be at hand, to be hurried off, by steam, to back their comrades, sent on in advance. Contemporaneously with these movements, we see it announced that General Wool (the second in command of the army of the United States) has been ordered on to Rhode Island. In the face of these circumstances, the country is told that these military arrangements are made simply, with a view to the protection of the public property there."

How disingenuous—how unworthy the Government of a great and intelligent nation; is this "patrolling in a double sense!" It is perfectly obvious, to every observing mind, that this accumulation of United States troops upon Rhode Island is designed to make an impression upon the irresolute friends of the cause of popular sovereignty in the State, and to induce the belief that they cannot attain their praiseworthy object peacefully; but in the attempt to set up a constitutional instead of the charter government, they must come in collision with the military force, as well as the civil authority of the United States. There never was a more palpable interposition of the influence of the National Administration, in favor of one political party, and against another, in a State, and this, in a local affair, and in advance of any justification founded on the pretext of suppressing insurrection! We have no doubt that thousands, who voted for the constitution, did not vote for the election of officers under it, because the Federal Executive had assumed to decide against their rights, and had promised to their opponents the force of the nation to aid in suppressing them. [Globe of 5th inst.]

WISE AND STANLEY.

The late news from Washington is that these interesting specimens of modern Whiggery must fight a duel. A day or two after their set to in the House of Representatives, as they were riding about the grounds of the race-course, Stanley rode against Wise, (as he says accidentally) and jostled him. Wise recovered his position, and rode after Stanley, and broke his rattan riding stick over his head. Some altercation ensued, when Wise called Stanley a coward and told him to add that and the blow over the head to other insults, he had previously given him.

If Wise and Stanley, and about a dozen other of these pugnacious specimens of whiggism, would shoot each other, few tears would be shed, on the occasion, we opine.

VIRGINIA.

The Madisonian of the 9th inst. says that "the anti-Clay majority, will in all probability reach sixty from present appearances," on joint ballot. Last year the whigs had a majority of forty. The Democrats will therefore, we suppose be "mightily apt" to instruct Messrs. Rives and Archer; and the political law of Virginia recognized by both parties, will require them to obey or resign.

The following Preamble and Resolution was adopted unanimously by the Paris Rifle Company at their annual meeting in May:—

"Whereas, the true worth of the Soldier consists in the coolness of his courage, the strength of his nerves, and the goodness of his heart in a righteous cause; and whereas, whether in peace, or in war, the use of intoxicating liquors has a tendency to impair all the virtues of the soldier. Therefore

Resolved, That as Soldiers and as men, we recommend a discontinuance of the use of intoxicating liquors in the Paris Rifle Company; and that we will hereafter rely on a spirit of patriotism, a sense of self respect, and the pride of the Soldier to sustain the high reputation of our cohort, without requiring or encouraging the use of intoxicating drinks."

PROSCRIPTION.

The Collector of Philadelphia has, as is now almost unanimously believed, received orders to make between 30 and 40 removals in the Custom House, in that city, and to appoint in their places, persons named by the President. The Philadelphia Whig papers say he has refused to obey orders, and that he will not resign. The Madisonian intimates that he will be turned out. It is also rumored that changes have been ordered in the Philadelphia Post Office; and the P. M. is in danger of losing his official head.

From intimations given in the Madisonian, the New York Herald, and the Newburyport Herald, we have little doubt that a general turn out of Clay-Whig-Office holders is determined upon, as soon as Congress shall have adjourned. "Go it ye cripples!"—[Argus.]

A NEW SIGN. Woman has recently been defined, by an impudent, crusty old bachelor, "A sign to hang dry goods on."

Why is an angler, catching fish like a thief? Because he lives by hooking.

Why is a drunkard hesitating about signing the testotal pledge, like a Hindu in doubt whether to become a Christian, or hold on to the creed of his fathers? Because he doubts whether to give up the idol Juggernaut.

"What do your ails spring from?" said a tipsy husband to his rib. "From your frequent ails," was the brief reply.

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